

THE NEW UNITY

For Good Citizenship, Good Literature; and Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion.

OLD SERIES, VOL. 34.

CHICAGO, OCTOBER 8, 1896.

NEW SERIES, VOL.

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1871.

CHICAGO.

1896.

*"Men said at vespers: 'All is well!'
In one wild night the city fell;
Fell shrines of prayer and marts of gain
Before the fiery hurricane.*

* * * *

*"Ah! not in vain the flames that tossed
Above thy dreadful holocaust;
The Christ again has preached through thee
The Gospel of humanity!*

*"Then lift once more thy towers on high,
And fret with spires the western sky,
To tell that God is yet with us,
And love is still miraculous!"*

—WHITTIER.

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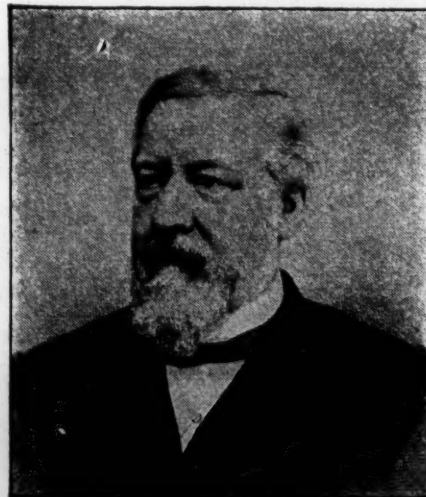
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THE NEW UNITY

VOLUME IV.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 8, 1896.

NUMBER 6.



TO unite in a larger fellowship and co-operation, such existing societies and liberal elements as are in sympathy with the movement toward undogmatic religion, to foster and encourage the organization of non-sectarian churches and kindred societies on the basis of absolute mental liberty; to secure a closer and more helpful association of all

these in the thought and work of the world under the great law and life of love; to develop the church of humanity, democratic in organization, progressive in spirit, aiming at the development of pure and high character, hospitable to all forms of thought, cherishing the spiritual traditions and experiences of the past, but keeping itself open to all new light and the higher developments of the future.—*From Articles of Incorporation of the American Congress of Liberal Religious Societies.*

Editorial.

*"Dreamer of dreams, born out of my due time,
Why should I strive to set the crooked straight?
Let it suffice me that my murmuring rhyme,
Beats with light wing against the ivory gate,
Telling a tale not to importunate
To those who in the sleepy region stay,
Lulled by the singer of an empty day."*

*"Folks say, a wizard to a northern king
At Christmas-tide such wondrous things did show,
That through one window men beheld the spring,
And through another saw the summer glow,
And through a third the fruited vines arow,
While still, unheard, but in its wonted way,
Piped the drear wind of that December day."*

WILLIAM MORRIS.

Again let us remind our readers of the dates of the Indianapolis Congress, November 17, 18 and 19. How many are going? If we can give assurance that one hundred attendants paying full fare will come on any road into Indianapolis, arrangements can be made for return to the place of starting for one-third regular fare. Why not take plenty of time to work up goodly delegations, excursion parties from Cincinnati, St. Louis, Cleveland, Toledo, Fort Wayne and Chicago? In all these places it is easier to start a company of half a dozen than to start one. In some of these places it might be possible to take at least a carload. A proposition of this kind is being considered in Chicago and efforts will be made to canvass the societies interested for such a delegation. The invitation is to laymen and laywomen as much as to preachers. The active membership of the Congress is more personal than delegate. Please let us hear from you. May we expect you?

The story is going the rounds of the papers of Bulshoy, a whale that has been tamed by natives of the Aleutian Islands. It can be harnessed, hitched to a boat and driven like a horse. It comes to its meals

and knows its master's call and is reported to be very strong. Alas! for the limited vision, even of poet and prophet. The defiant impossibilities of Job have become possible. All the great negations implied have been turned into affirmations, for the "leviathan" or something as untractable, has been "drawn out with a hook," a rope has been put "around his nose," he has "made supplications to man" and he has become his "servant." Man has "played with him as with a bird" and he has taken the maidens to ride. But then, let the great author of Job receive full credit, it took twenty-five hundred years to accomplish his impossibilities.

There are reported twelve trade schools in Paris independent of the manual training of the ordinary public schools. The forenoons are given to study, the afternoons to working at trades, among which trades are found the housekeeping handicrafts, in which girls are trained. With all our new education, with its theories of developing soul through muscle, there is a sad lack of this most practical and most neglected of the handicrafts, the handicraft of housekeeping. "Kitchen mechanic" is a disagreeable slang phrase of our boys and girls concerning the girl in the kitchen. The slang use of the phrase is a greater offense to sociology than to language. It is making contemptuous that which ought to be respectful, flippantly disposing of that which requires serious attention. There are mechanics to be mastered in the kitchen and a good workman there, as everywhere, is a moral endowment. Let us elevate the domestic craft and make housekeeping one of the skilled industries of the developed life.

On October seventh Knox College of Galesburg, Ill., held a most significant anniversary. Thirty-eight years before Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglass met in that town in the joint debate which has become historic. It was a battle of giants, without a doubt, the most significant, able and dramatic debate which ever engaged the interests of the American people. Seven times did these great champions of the people meet in the state of Illinois. Seven times were great throngs thrilled by the contending orators. Seven times did the issue seem doubtful, victory claimed by both parties. The defeated as well as the victors in that campaign now rejoice in the result. Halting compromise has long since confessed itself in the wrong, and outspoken, direct opposition to wrong has been crowned with the approval of all men. Ottawa, Freeport, Jonesborough, Charleston, Galesburg, Quincy and Alton, Ill., have become historic grounds; they shine with the luster of those brilliant events. At that time even Chicago enterprise did not dare venture the publication of a cheap book containing the debate. It was left for an obscure firm, Follett, Foster & Co.

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of Columbus, O., to put forth a little fifty-cent book in 1860, containing verbatim reports of this debate, of which upward of thirty thousand were then sold, and the book has long since been a coveted prize to the collector. The copy which the present writer holds in his hands he secured after a long quest, paying five dollars for the same. The Burroughs Brothers of Cleveland, in 1894, issued a fac-simile production, a limited number of which were sold, we believe, at three dollars and a half per copy. Surely republics are not wholly ungrateful, and America is not altogether unmindful of its heroes.

THE NEW UNITY joins with the hosts of other friends in sending congratulations to Samuel J. Barrows, editor of the *Christian Register* of Boston, who has recently been nominated for Congress by the Dorchester District. We have noticed for a good while with great satisfaction the growing familiarity of this preaching editor with national ethics and civic piety and hail it as a hopeful sign of the times, when the preacher is again returning to the place of eminence and trustworthiness which Puritan New England granted him. The commonwealth of Massachusetts was born largely out of the wisdom of the ministers within her borders. It was a poor minister, indeed, that was not called upon to serve his time in legislative halls and in other civic positions. Mr. Barrows will carry to Washington, if he goes, an alert mind and a conscience that has awakened to corporate consciousness, a rare and, on that account, a much needed type of conscience even among ministers. Not Mr. Barrows, but Massachusetts and the nation, are the more worthy objects of congratulation.

The duty of the pulpit in this political strain is one much discussed at the present time. In Chicago the discussion is made particularly pointed by the fact that several of our most able and respected pulpit leaders have thrown themselves with great vigor into the discussion, and from their pulpits have given forth no uncertain sounds. We would stoutly defend, not only a minister's right, but his duty to speak when his conscience recognizes the clearness of a political problem and the single quality of the issue; of this each preacher must judge for himself. For ourselves, the present problems are neither simple nor clear to the average mind. Motives are much more pure than judgments. Linked with certain perfectly clear principles of honesty and integrity, to which both parties are committed with, we believe, equal sincerity, there are questions of methods upon which only experts are competent to judge and concerning which high experts honestly and profoundly differ. In view of this he who presumes to minister at the altars of religion assumes grave responsibility. It is always wise and right to plead the general issue of honesty and responsibility. Blessed is the man who knows enough to become a safe leader in methods. We find ourselves in hearty sympathy with the following word, spoken over the pulpit of All Souls Church, Janesville, Wis., by Rev. Victor E. Southworth:

"For the minister to seem to appear as a partisan in politics, defending the policy of one party and denounc-

ing another, is essentially pernicious in its effect upon the church and upon the world outside the church. It is demoralizing. It renders doubly bitter the bitterness which already alienates man from man and class from class. We cannot have partisan ministers preaching partisan sermons, unless we have partisan churches supported by partisan funds. How absurd to expect republican churchmen to pay liberally for the support of anti-republican preaching, or democratic churchmen to support liberally anti-democratic preaching! The function of the pulpit is not partisan instruction. The minister, as such, is a moral teacher, a spiritual leader. His distinctive work is to lift and lighten the moral and religious life of all the people without distinction as to party or class. He ought to lift their thoughts and desires to such a lofty plane as to put beneath them the animosities and jealousies of sectional, selfish and partisan interests.

After Twenty-Five Years.

Before this reaches our readers, Chicago will have passed its twenty-fifth anniversary of the great fire. The last Sunday's *Tribune* of this city was strikingly illustrated by showing in mathematical proportions the map, population, shopping, railroading, public schools, grain, cattle, hog, lumber, coal trade, etc., of 1871 and 1896. The area of land in the city of Chicago at the time of the fire was thirty-five and a half square miles; now it is one hundred and eighty-seven and one-seventh square miles. Its population has increased six times. The thirty-nine public school houses have become two hundred and ninety-five, with ten times the number of instructors. The high building of 1871, glorying in its five stories, nestles snugly under the shadow of the eighteen-story building of to-day. We cannot transmit the graphic illustrations. We do not find adequate cause for rejoicing in the expansion of trade or the multiplication of statistics. Morally and spiritually these twenty-five years have at least given the city a vast experience which in its very essence is spiritual capital. Perhaps no city on the globe has in a quarter of a century outdone the city of Chicago in municipal misrule and civic degradations of many kinds, neither is there any city on the globe that has the palliating excuses that Chicago has had. The undigested acquisitions, the unorganized precipitancy that makes it big, have at least brought with them the problems and perplexities which will some day make it great. Its libraries, parks, art galleries and still more significant, perhaps, its restless workingmen, its organized labor, floundering, pushing, passionate labor, all bespeak the growing spirit.

Religiously measured by church standard, there is not apparently much ground for rejoicing. Looking among the so-called "liberal" ranks, it must be confessed that Robert Collyer, Dr. Ryder and Prof. Swing have not found their successors. The Unitarian and Universalist churches then existing have scarcely held their own, much less kept pace with the growth of the city, either in numerical strength or municipal influence. Of the strong men in Chicago who stayed its courage and upheld its heart in the dark days of 1871, perhaps Dr. Thomas alone remains conspicuous among the Protestant ministry. But the apparent decadence of liberal churches is only apparent, for in a

hundred so-called orthodox churches to-day is declared with perhaps more spiritual intensity, more loving hospitality, more prophetic courage, the inclusive faith that in 1871 was almost the exclusive possession of the few so-called liberal churches. Unitarianism and Universalism in Chicago during the last twenty-five years have been transformed from denominational issues into a more or less clearly defined civic consciousness. What was then nobly expressed in terms of theology, and on that account discoverable and traceable, is now more nobly expressed in terms of religion, and therefore beyond the reach of the statistician. The creed protest has become living effort. More than the big buildings and bigger boats, the triumph of Chicago the last twenty-five years is symbolized by the Parliament of Religions, the most loving and inspiring outcome of the corporate religious life of humanity. There is unquestionably a magnificent growth of freedom linked with loyalty. Independency is in the air. Twenty-five years ago the burning religious question in Chicago was the duty of the church toward the unchurched. Now the higher question is the duty of the unchurched toward the church, its ideals and its possibilities.

During eighteen of these twenty-five years we have tried, in the columns of this paper, to reflect somewhat of the better life of this city. UNITY in 1878 cast its fortunes with the city of Chicago, pledged itself to its higher interests and allied itself as best it might with the better forces. Whatever its claims may have been upon Chicago sympathy and interest like many other non-material interests, its claims have had to wait while the big buildings were being erected, the great parks being surveyed, the mighty corporations were being now fostered, now fought, now challenging the citizen with the question, how can we get along without them and anon, how can we get along with them.

We do not attempt to measure this quarter of a century. We cannot estimate its significance, still less can we calculate its momentum or foretell its future, but Chicago, bad as it is, is sublime. We believe in it, we love it and ask no better lot than that we may continue to work in it and for it in the interests of those things that unite until our little day's work is done and we have merited the calm which alone follows toil. And we continue to ask of our friends only leave to continue this work.

The Higher Law In America.

When Mr. Seward announced the doctrine of the Higher Law in his speech on the Fugitive Slave Law the whole country was thrown into convulsions. Protests were as loud from the North as from the South. What, a law in America above the constitution! This is as good as treason. What shall be done about it when statesmen dare to displace the constitution made by Washington, Franklin and Madison? Was that not a contract and a compact above all other possible legislation and opinion? So accustomed had the people become to Websterian views and exaltations of the great document of 1788 that they had fallen into a worshipful habit. If Seward set up the law of God above the constitution he was bringing religion into

politics and producing a conflict that would break up the Union. It was a curious condition of public sentiment, brought about by a long-continued effort to diverse religious opinion from political action. "You attend to the pulpit and we will attend to politics," was the common expression of the stump and platform; as the pulpit at the same time said to investigators, "Science must not meddle with religion." Tyndall and Huxley "got out of their sphere." "No man," wrote Webster, "is at liberty to set up his own conscience above the law." But Wendell Phillips said Sir Plymouth Rock was not a Massachusetts rock. It underlies the whole country and only crops out here at Plymouth. Jefferson used it for his writing desk, and Lovejoy hurled his musket across it at Alton. I recognized the clink of it when the Great Apostle of the Higher Law laid his beautiful garland on the sacred altar." What Seward really said was: "The constitution regulates our stewardship; the constitution devotes the domain to union, to justice, to defense, to welfare and to liberty. But there is a higher law than the constitution which regulates our authority over the domain and devotes it to the same noble purposes." There was really no new proposition here, even as American common law; but he was overwhelmed with letters denouncing and others endorsing his position. It was understood to mean that Northern Christians ought not to obey the Fugitive Slave Bill. The effect of the phrase as used by Seward was unquestionably very stimulating to Northern conscience and helpful in the wavering antagonism to slavery encroachment.

Dr. Channing stated the convictions of New England when he said of the Fugitive Slave Bill: "A higher law than the constitution protests against this act of Congress." He had used the phrase several years before, in discussing the question of slavery, under another aspect.

But the first appearance in American politics of this idea of a law higher than that of man's making was not due to the Abolitionists. It was in 1835 that close after the quieting down of the nullification measures of South Carolina and Georgia, which concerned tariff measures, that slavery leaped to the front again. Jackson was president and he had selected with shrewdness a band of men to serve as a cabinet, very much as a mechanic selects tools. Among them, conspicuous, were Taney and Kendall. Kendall was the post-master-general. Abolition has suddenly and for the first time become national and aggressive. Societies were organized all over the North to agitate the question. One result was the publication, not only of newspapers and tracts for local circulation, but for propagandism. These were sent through the mails to the South. A package of such documents was discovered at Philadelphia, and taken from the bag was sunk in the middle of the Delaware River. The intent was to put out the incendiary fire. The publishers of papers and writers of tracts were hunted out and mobbed. Garrison was saved in Boston by the vigorous blows of a drayman's stake, who proposed to see fair play. Lovejoy fared worse. But the mails still were a cause of alarm. Negroes, to be sure, were forbidden, by strict statutes, to know how to read; but the

South never slept well. Harriet Martineau wrote, in 1836, that she noticed if a fire bell rung when they were at a theater the people rose quickly and went home. Nobody knew whether that bell meant fire or an insurrection. The prisons held slave owners who had taught pet slaves to read the "Word of God." In Charleston there was a rifling of the mails till enough contraband material was secured for a bonfire, then a huge crowd came to see the sport. "The Abolitionists" became a new and terrible term. Some of the postmasters appealed to Kendall as to what should be done with such material as was disapproved by the slaveholders. He answered: "I am satisfied that the postmaster-general has no legal authority to exclude newspapers from the mail, nor to prohibit their carriage on account of their character, real or supposed. But I am not prepared to direct you to forward or deliver the papers of which you speak. We owe an obligation to the laws, but a higher one to the communities in which we live, and if the former be permitted to destroy the latter it is patriotism to disregard them. Entertaining these views, I cannot sanction and will not condemn the step you have taken." Here was not merely the assertion of the rights of conscience, but the right of any locality to place its interests above those of the whole country. Jackson, of course, backed up his obedient servant as faithfully as he crushed those who were not his personal henchmen. Addressing Congress, he urged the passage of a law "to prohibit, under severe penalties, the circulation in the Southern States, through the mail, of incendiary publications intended to instigate the slaves to insurrection." It was a huge job that had devolved on the South—that of suppressing information. Every mail-bag had to be expurgated.

But here was the first proclamation of the Higher Law doctrine in its application to slavery. Seward and Channing's position was purely supplementary. They asserted the sovereign authority of moral conviction over all human enactment. It was a saving, sublime doctrine; but Kendall and Jackson affirmed the sovereign authority of local interest over national statutes and the constitution.

E. P. P.

They have no place in storied page,
No rest in marble shrine;
They are past and gone with a perished age,
They died, and "made no sign."
But work that shall find its wages yet,
And deeds that their God did not forget,
Done for the love Divine—
These were their mourners, and these shall be
The crowns of their immortality.

Oh! seek them not where sleep the dead,
Ye shall not find their trace;
No graven stone is at their head,
No green grass hides their face;
But sad and unseen is their silent grave—
It may be the sand or the deep sea wave,
Or a lonely desert place;
For they needed no prayers and no mourning bell—
They were tombed in true hearts that knew them well.

They healed the sick till their hearts were broken,
And dried sad eyes till theirs lost light;
We shall know at last by a certain token
How they fought and fell in the fight.
Salt tears of sorrow unhealed,
Passionate cries unchronicled,
And silent strifes for the right—
Angels shall count them, and earth shall sigh
That she left her best children to battle and die.

—Sir Edwin Arnold.

The Liberal Congress.

Hospitable to All Forms of Thought: Everyone Responsible for His Own.

Life's Common Gifts.

If we might see the beauty of the morn—
But once a lifetime its splendid glow;
If gorgeous rainbows in the sky were born—
As only once a century to show,
How would we prize the radiant skies,
How seek the rainbow bridge to know!

If roses blossomed ages far apart,
Or grasses grew but in some valley fair;
If love at last could only touch the heart,
How then for these or that our souls would care,
But right along love sings her song,
And summer visits everywhere!

The one thing precious above rubies and dearer than diamonds is the good man. In all climes, in the burning zone and the arctic belt, the good man lives as by the summer brooks and his leaf does not wither. Deep down in their hearts men have an understanding that goodness is the one supreme gift of life; it is for all times, the one lasting thing that time produces, and no image that Nature lends is too strong to do it justice.

Here is our hope of men ultimately; we have a foundation whereon to build—this common admiration gives the promise of winning all men to the realization of what they thus worship. They look up to the trees that never wither and say, the good soul is like them; they look to the golden stars that creep out of their obscurity and make night beautiful, and they say: "He shall shine like them forever and ever;" they look to the hills with their strength, sources of the rivers that gladden the valleys, and they say, "He is strong like them and so blesses the humble places of the earth." There is nothing beautiful, and bright, and strong but what speaks of his character and his permanency.

WILLIAM BRUNTON.

Love.

Love is the solvent that sets aright whatever is amiss; love is the power that triumphs over death; love is the incense which turns the little span of time which it is ours to enjoy into a prelude to an eternity which never will glide into empty nothing.

But what is love? Love is rooted in service; love sprouts from sacrifice. Service and sacrifice give to time value—to life its melodies.

You have wept over one that you loved. If you really loved him, your life to-day, though deprived of much, is not a passage through a desert. "Love you one another." If this resolve be polar to your life, he whose name you bear, whom you revere, whose loss you deplore, will come back to you to bless you and to cheer you. He who hath gone, left certain things undone—complete them. Be what he was. Fill the gap his departure has torn, and the pain of parting will become prelude to a symphony of finely-tempered joy. A mother weeps for one whom she bore—son or daughter; yet son or daughter is not dead to the mother's heart. If she loved her or him she will pour out love to the thousands for the love she cannot give her own, to thousands that still are on earth that never knew mother's love and mother's care. There are thousands upon our very streets that never knew the sacred sacramental sound of motherly love or the prophetic hope of fatherly care. Parent them. This love will bring back those that you deplore.

In love, in service and in sacrifice, our life alone becomes valuable. We are disappointed if with or without contributory guilt of ours—the glory of earth be denied us, We are

galled that worshipers of gold turn their back upon them who have not the wherewith to make an idol like unto theirs. What matter? We can respect ourselves, and he who hails its sunshine has all, while he who is without this light, has nothing. You are called upon to bear burdens, to sit in repressed and therefore greater agony by the couch of one that suffers—you must smile though your heart is near unto breaking—you must smooth the wrinkled brow, though your own bosom is harrowed by the sharp teeth of grief and despair. The joy that you bring to the sufferer is your compensation, a compensation unrivaled by the world of pleasure. The world holds nothing to be compared to the sweet consciousness of having been something to somebody. To be something to somebody is the secret of love.

This is what we mean when we say, "God is love." The word God spells in poetic formula the great fact that service is the great law of human life and sacrifice its highest reward. "God is love" does not mean that He from somewhere out in space protects us against the buffeting waves. He is a poor father who will not send his child out to meet rebuffs, to run against untoward circumstances. No; "God is love" means that by the divine that is in us, we are called to a life of service and sacrifice.

—Dr. Emil Hirsch.

Birds.

JAMES RUSSELL LOWELL'S KINDNESS TO A HOUSEHOLD OF ROBINS.

I once had a chance to do a kindness to a household of them, which they received with very friendly condescension. I had had my eye for some time past upon a nest and was puzzled by a constant fluttering of what seemed full-grown wings in it whenever I drew near. At last I climbed the tree in spite of the angry protests from the old birds against my intrusion. The mystery had a very simple solution. In building the nest a long piece of pack-thread had been somewhat loosely woven in, three of the young had contrived to entangle themselves in it, and had become full-grown without being able to launch themselves into the air. One was unharmed; another had so tightly twisted the cord about its shank that one foot was curled up and seemed paralyzed; the third, in his struggles to escape, had sawn through the flesh of the thigh and so much harmed himself that I thought it humane to put an end to its misery.

When I took out my knife to cut their hempen bonds the heads of the family seemed to divine my friendly interest. Suddenly ceasing their cries and threats, they perched quietly within reach of my hand and watched me in my work of manumission. This, owing to the fluttering terror of the prisoners, was an affair of some delicacy; but ere long I was rewarded by seeing one of them fly away to a neighboring tree, while the cripple, making a parachute of his wings, came lightly to the ground and hopped off as well as he could with one leg, obsequiously waited upon by his elders. A week later I had the satisfaction of meeting him in the pine walk in good spirits, and already so far recovered as to be able to balance himself with the lame foot.—*Our Dumb Animals*.

The Eternal Comforter.

Who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains.—Psalm cxlvii., 8.

Volcanic fires, shot from earth's bursting heart,
Rend her smooth round with many a ragged ridge;
Then grinding glaciers, rock from rock apart
Tearing, with ruin strew God's heritage.
But fire and ice, His plow and harrow, cease
Their deathlike work for life's beginning: Peace!
Speaks He to lava-floods, to frost-winds, Peace!
Then quickens tender grass the scars to hide
That seam the mountain's darkly furrowed side;
Bleak ruin smiles in joyous wealth of green;
Beauty transforms stark desolation's scene.
Thus God His mourners ever doth restore,
And eyes in tears once drowned grow glad once more,
And hearts by troubles broken heal their sore.

—J. M. W., in the Outlook.

The Song and Sermon of the Birds.

In the earliest gray of the morning, at half past three by the clock, a bird in a treetop just outside my window withdrew his head from beneath his wing, and while yet covered with the dews of night, preached me a sermon. He took his text from the tints that crept into the sky just beyond the hills of Monticello—the promise of a new day—and he preached a sermon on hope; hope for his nestlings and mate, bidding them rejoice, and hope for himself. The sermon was short; then there came quavering in through my windows, filtered, broken and mingled again by the million leaves in that splendid thicket, a mighty song of joy—the overflow of swelling hearts. As the chorus rose and fell, growing fainter and dying away far up the mountain-side, bounded as it seemed by the droning bass of an old foxhound, I said to myself, as I lay entranced—this is joy, but for what? And the answer came, this is the joy that fills the souls of all birds, this is the joy that should fill the souls of men and all sentient nature at the birth of a new day. No scientist interprets the harmony of that matin music except as a rich and free expression of the fullness of life.

Through that song there came to me a message, bringing a clew to my mission as a teacher. It was a cry and a beseeching that the education of man should hold him in spiritual contact with the sources of this joy. Then arose in my mind a picture of the thousands of men and women and children in our cities and elsewhere, to whom this contact is forever denied. I pictured to myself the thousands whose cry for sleep is but a prayer for oblivion, whose earliest waking moment fills instantly with crushing dread. Yet we cherish the hope to become civilized. Loftily we speak of emerging from a state of nature, as though "a state of nature" means naked and painted bodies, while civilization means clothes and tailors' bills, perhaps unpaid. Civilization, to endure, must conserve nature; it must draw not away from it, but must weave itself through it. If nature study can be made to so take hold of life that the sons of men shall rejoice with the birds on the birth of a new day, it will have accomplished a high, who knows, but its highest purpose.

WILBUR S. JACKMAN.

Chicago Normal School.

Influence.

No stream from its source
Flows seaward, how lonely soever its course,
But some land is gladdened! No star ever rose
And set, without influence somewhere! Who knows
What earth needs from earth's lowest creature?

No life
Can be pure in its purpose and strong in its strife,
And all life not be purer and stronger thereby.

—Owen Meredith.

Sleeping at last, the trouble and tumult over,
Sleeping at last, the struggle and horror past,
Cold and white, out of sight of friend and of lover,
Sleeping at last.

No more a tired heart downcast or overcast,
No more pangs that wring or shifting fears that hover,
Sleeping at last in a dreamless sleep locked fast.

Fast asleep. Singing birds in their leafy cover
Cannot wake her, nor shake her the gusty blast.
Under the purple thyme and the purple clover
Sleeping at last.

—Christina Rossetti.

Oh, do not pray for easy lives. Pray to be stronger men!
Do not pray for tasks equal to your powers. Pray for
powers equal to your tasks!—*Phillips Brooks*.

Honor to those who have failed,
And to those whose war vessels sank in the sea,
And to those who sank themselves in the sea,
And to all the unknown heroes,
Equal to the greatest heroes known.

—Walt Whitman.

The Home.

Our daily life should be sanctified by doing common things in a religious way.

Helps to High Living.

- SUN.—From the fetich-worshipping savage to the highest type of humanity man naturally yearns for something better.
- MON.—Real treasure is that laid up through charity, piety, temperance and self-control; such treasure passes not away.
- TUES.—Let one speak the truth, yield not to anger, give when asked, even from the little he has: By these things he will enter heaven.
- WED.—Let one overcome evil by good, the greedy by liberality, the liar by truth.
- THURS.—Let each one cultivate good-will without measure among all beings.
- FRI.—Pure as the air is the life of him who has renounced all worldly things.
- SAT.—As the bee, injuring not the flower, its color or scent, flies away, taking the nectar, so let the wise man dwell upon the earth.

—Dharmapala.

□ A Star Can Be As Perfect as the Sun.

Because you cannot be
An overhanging bow,
Whose promise all the world can see,
Why are you grieving so?
A dew-drop holds the seven colors too;
Can you not be a perfect drop of dew?

Because you cannot be
Resplendent Sirius,
Whose shining all the world can see,
Why are you grieving thus?
One tiny ray will reach out very far;
Can you not be a perfect little star?

The smallest, faintest star
That dots the Milky Way
And sends one glimmer where you are,
Gives forth a faultless ray.
Learn then this lesson, O discouraged one!
A star can be as perfect as a sun.

—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Helps to Patience.

A woman, whose life has been long checkered with many reverses, said lately:

"Nothing has given me more courage to face every day's duties and troubles than a few words spoken to me when I was a child by my old father. He was the village doctor. I came into his office, where he was compounding medicine one day, looking cross and ready to cry.

"What is the matter, Mary?"

"I'm tired! I've been making beds and washing dishes all day and every day, and what good does it do? Tomorrow the beds will be to make and the dishes to wash over again."

"Look, my child," he said, "do you see these empty vials? They are all insignificant, cheap things, of no value in themselves; but in one I put a deadly poison, in another a sweet perfume, in a third a healing medicine. Nobody cares for the vials; it is that which they carry that kills or cures. Your daily work, the dishes washed or the floors swept, are homely things, and count for nothing in themselves; but it is the anger, or the sweet patience, or zeal, or high thoughts that you put into them that shall last. These make your life."

No strain is harder upon the young than to be forced to work which they feel is beneath their faculties, yet no discipline is more helpful.

"The wise builder," says Bolton, "watches not the bricks

which his journeyman lays, but the manner in which he lays them."

The man who is half-hearted and lagging as a private soldier will be half-hearted and lagging as a commander. Even in this world, he who uses his talents rightly as a servant is often given the control of many cities.—*Youths' Companion*.

The Parliament of Birds.

The British Bird Parliament was recently opened in Leafy Dell, St. Stephen's Wood, and a member of each of something like one hundred and eighty-four species attended daily. Leafy Dell is an ideal spot for accommodating such an important assemblage. In the center is a beautiful lake, full of minnows, sticklebacks, trout, and other fishes. On the right bank is a leafy wood abounding in birch, mountain ash, pine, fir, holly, and other trees, with plenty of hazel-bushes, honeysuckle, and bracken as an undergrowth. On the left is a gently-sloping hill clad with heather, wild rose, and furze bushes. The stream which feeds the lake comes tumbling down a series of falls and cascades, which fill the whole dell with a constant chatter of brook music.

The opening ceremony was a magnificent sight. No sooner had all the assembled birds settled themselves comfortably on tree, bush, rock, reed, and hillock, than her Gracious Majesty Queen Swan, dressed in her most elegant robes of snowy white down and feathers, sailed majestically forth from a small island in the lake, attended by her various officials. After her Majesty's speech had been read from the throne by the Lord Chancellor, the Address was moved by Lord Pheasant, member for Maize Copse, Spinneydrive, Hampshire, and seconded by the Right Honorable Sir Red Grouse, of Heatherknowe, Moorthorpe, Yorkshire. The Queen's speech contained some very important matters relative to the better and more uniform government of Dickybirdland, and seemed to level more than one blow against some time-honored institutions, and against the right of each bird to conduct his own business in his own sweet way.

As soon as the serious work of the session had been sighted, down came the Right Honorable Mr. Heron, member for the Tree Top division of Fishpond-in-the-Hole, Essex, with a resolution that—"All birds' nests be built as near the tops of trees as possible, and that they be made entirely of sticks." The right honorable gentleman, who is of inordinate length, carries the appearance of an aged philosopher who has studied much and starved more. He is reputed to be very learned in regard to the habits of trout, frogs, and water-rats. In opening his speech he waved his right wing—which, like the other members of his body, is very long; his manner was pompous and his voice harsh and guttural. He considered the resolution a very important one, and spoke first in regard to situation. He felt sure that there could be no doubt in the mind of any sensible bird as to the advantages of building in the highest possible branches of the tallest available trees, this being light and airy and safe from the ravages of naughty little boys who carried away eggs to make holes in them and blow through. The young birds could watch their parents soaring in the blue heavens. His speech was interrupted by many side remarks, laughter and exclamations, bringing down rebukes from Mr. Speaker Raven.

"Having dealt with the question of situation, sir," he went on, "I will now proceed to the all-important one of structure. Here, Mr. Speaker and gentlemen, I can speak as one with authority." ("Oh, oh!") "Yes, sir, with authority," for my nest in Wanstead Park has, with a little annual repairing, lasted me for no less than fourteen years, and I am going to ask this House to vote that every bird's nest be built like it; that is to say, that they be made of sticks closely interwoven, and securely fixed among the topmost branches of the tallest trees available."

Mr. Lapwing, member for the Marshland division of Mud-and-Rushes, made a very telling speech against the

resolution, in which he pointed out the absurdity of such mischievous and meddlesome legislation as that proposed by his right honorable friend. He said there were no trees at all where the great majority of his constituents were compelled to reside; and then, on the supposition that if there were, and Lapwings took to building in them, he went on to draw a most pathetic picture of the sad accidents which would befall every young bird of his species directly it left the shell, adding somewhat dryly, "For my right honorable friend forgets that young Lapwings, although not blessed with such a great length of leg as young Herons, make better use of theirs by beginning to run about the world directly they are hatched."

This hit was cheered to the echo by all the ground builders, such as Plovers, Pipits, and Terns; and Mr. Lapwing went on to demonstrate with astonishing force and logic the disadvantages of a nest composed of a great heap of sticks and rubbish in a perfectly bare field, and wound up by saying that if such a law ever came into force, nearly every ground builder in Great Britain and Ireland would have, like the Pilgrim Fathers of old, to seek fresh woods and pastures new, or to suffer total extinction.

Mr. Dipper, the dapper little member famed for his great show of white shirt-front, from Beckside Borough, Westmoreland, thought that if his right honorable friend had applied his reputed learning and genius to framing a Bill enforcing a close season for tiddlers or a new musical score for frogs, he would have been employing his time and that of Parliament to far better purpose than in trying to utterly upset the domestic arrangements of nine-tenths of the bird community of the country by the mischievous resolution he had had the boldness to introduce. ("Hear, hear," and laughter.)

The last member to speak was Mr. Brown Owl, who so ably represents the interests of Hollow Tree Borough, Thickwoods, Wiltshire. With his usual wisdom and moderation this gentleman reviewed the whole situation, and pointed out that it was quite impossible for birds to make their nests by Act of Parliament. He said that he should at all times and seasons oppose, to the best of his ability, anything calculated to interfere with the liberty of the subject; and remarked that if this kind of grandmotherly legislation (laughter and "Oh, ohs") were encouraged, we should at no distant date have somebody bringing in a Bill to prevent ducks from going into the water without lifebelts on, larks ascending to sing without parachutes, and owls from catching mice except by some penny-in-the-slot method.

This sally of wit was greeted with roars of laughter, and after the honorable member had sat down, the motion was put to the vote and lost by a large majority.—*The Watchman*.

Russian Babies.

As described by a recent traveler, Russian babies, as seen in the homes of the Russian peasants in Siberia, are very unattractive specimens of humanity. "I looked curiously at one little bundle," says the traveler, "which was laid upon a shelf. Another hung from the wall on a peg, while a third was slung over one of the supporting rafters, and was being swung to and fro by the mother, who had a cord loop over her foot. 'Why,' cried I, in surprise, 'that's a child!' 'Of course it is,' replied the woman; 'what else should it be?' Having learned so much in so short a time, I had an irresistible desire to inspect the contents of the swinging bundle. I looked, but turned away in disgust, for the child was as dirty as a pig in a pen. I could not refrain from asking one question. It may have been impertinent. 'Washed!' shrieked the mother, apparently horrified. 'Washed! What? Wash a baby? Why, you'd kill it!'—*The Watchman*.

"Mamma," said a little five-year-old, as his mother was giving him a bath, "be sure and wipe me dry, so that I won't rust."

Books and Authors.

Bryce's Penny Series of Worthy Books.

FAITHFULNESS: BY JENKIN LLOYD JONES, WITH PREFACE BY THE COUNTESS OF ABERDEEN.

PREFACE.

"Little drops of water,
Little grains of sand,
Make the mighty ocean
And the beauteous land.

"And the little moments,
Humble though they be,
Make the mighty ages
Of eternity.

"Little deeds of kindness,
Little words of love,
Make our earth an Eden,
Make the Heaven above."

These were the words we used to learn in our childhood—and the lessons therein inculcated were repeated in our ears by parents and pastors and masters, until they have come to be taken as the merest matter-of-course truism.

But when we come to ask ourselves whether we so believe in this truism as to act upon it habitually in these same little words and acts of our every-day life, we may probably find that after all our theory is a hollow one to us, for we do not put it in practice.

And why? It is not because we do not aspire after the ministry of love in our homes the steadfast loyalty in life and work which is involved in being "faithful in that which is least." When the power and beauty of Love as manifested on occasions either great or small is proclaimed before us in life, or sermon, or book; when the splendor of Duty faithfully accomplished is exemplified before us by the deeds of those whom we find were faithful in small things before great opportunities came in their way; our hearts respond to such chords and we acknowledge that Love, and Love in action, is in truth "The Greatest Thing in the World."

But when we would enthrone it as such in our own lives and homes, we find a difficulty—where and when and how to begin? Those little duties—it has become a custom to shirk them or to devolve them on others: it will look very strange if we begin to do them! Those bright looks and smiles, those efforts to be cheery and helpful in our own circles; these things cost much and they do not seem to be welcomed and they only make others stare! They are not expected and it is a lot of bother to be always thinking of what others would like, to be ever on the lookout for opportunities of helpfulness, and then after all very likely to find that our good intentions have been misunderstood. In fact, our folk are not appreciative of such things—we are all rather shy and reserved and don't wear our hearts on our sleeves! Thus we make excuses to ourselves and we sink back into old ways; only now and again are we wakened up as by a flash to see "what might have been," to see how different the lives of those whom we love might have been if we and they had thought of the "little things."

And I believe the reason why this small volume and its companion volume ("Blessed be Drudgery") have met with so hearty a welcome in America is because their writers have known how to touch this chord concerning the little things of every-day life in a way which will make nearly all hearts respond.

It will be strange, indeed, if, after reading these chapters, we can return to the common duties of our daily life without seeing them invested with a new and glorious meaning for us. We may not, indeed, agree with every view or opinion expressed here—enough be it for us to know that these words have proved to be a very message of God to many burdened lives. If we use them aright, they may reveal to us also how the duties which seemed so irksome.

the faithful work which seemed so dull and monotonous, the little looks and works and acts which cost us so much, may be God's brightest messengers to us, though clad to our eyes in somber hues. They may be the appointed messengers to lead us along the paths of the doing of our Father's will until we come to know Him and His son Jesus Christ, whom to know is life eternal.

ISHBEL ABERDEEN.

Hamilton, Canada, September 25, 1890.

"The Money Question."¹

Mr. George H. Shibley, who under the nom de plume of "Justice" has placed much matter on socialistic and economic questions before the American public through the medium of journalistic columns, has recently come out with a book entitled "The Money Question," which is, beyond a doubt, the most complete, fair, and heroic work on the almighty question of the day yet placed before the thinking public.

For several years Mr. Shibley has been a most devout student from the purely practical standpoint of the civic interests of our country, and for this reason he is peculiarly adapted and ably fortified and prepared to produce a work which demands recognition and approval from those who are and must be conceded to be authorities upon the subject.

Probably no writer during the political controversy has set forth such a carefully developed, tabulated and indexed work as this, which makes it especially valuable to the student. It is a book which deals little with opinions, but absolutely with facts. Where a fact in dispute is capable of demonstration, it is, of course, the height of folly to accept anyone's opinion as to its existence.

The author of this book has presented the most comprehensive review of the money question that we have seen. He not only indorses the economic law now universally admitted that prices are controlled by the volume of money in circulation, other things being equal, and that increasing the volume of money will cause rising prices, while contraction brings falling prices and the destruction of value of all forms of property, but he shows that the "gold power" has been able to put prices of commodities up or down at its will during the past twenty years by its control of the circulating medium and international exchanges. The widespread discontent that culminated in the strikes and bloodshed of 1877 were but the fruits of a policy of contraction in the United States and Europe in the interest of the gold power, and relief came to the suffering masses only when the Bland-Allison act was passed in 1878, adding annually \$27,000,000 of silver to our currency to our circulation, and thus permitted a corresponding expansion of bank credits. The boom of 1879 was also accelerated by increased issues of paper money in Europe, which were put forth to relieve distress and "kill the silver question."

Mr. Shibley explodes the argument of the gold standard theorists that rising prices operate to the disadvantage of labor. Dipping into history he shows that the French Revolution came at the end of a long period of falling prices. When the gold of California and Australia came into circulation wages began to rise rapidly and continued rising until 1873, and there was employment for all. The tramp in America was unknown and in Europe the manufacturing centers were universally prosperous. Sharp reduction in wages came in the wake of the panic of '73, and a large percentage of those who were thrown out of employment became paupers, but in 1879 wages began to rise again on the wave of general prosperity and continued rising until 1882 or 1883, the improvement of labor since 1873 having been confined almost entirely to that period. Soon after, however, the banks began contracting their loans in an effort to get the Bland Act repealed and the paper circulation of Europe was also contracted, which caused a fall in prices, and the distress which brought about the appoint-

ment of the Gold and Silver Commission in England in 1886.

Since 1890 gold has been hoarded in increasing amounts by Russia, Germany, France, England, Austria and Italy, and in the past three years \$511,000,000 have been added to their bank reserves. This accumulation was going on, not because the coin is needed for redemption purposes, but because gold is now the most potent weapon of war, and even England must bow to the military necessity that governs the action of the continental powers. It is demonstrated beyond question that the hardships of the past five years are directly the result of taking this gold out of circulation.

An eloquent tribute is paid to the memory of James G. Blaine, and Mr. Shibley advances a plausible explanation of the persecution that seemed to follow that distinguished statesman during the last sixteen years of his political life. It appears that the "investigations" of 1876 by which it was sought to kill Mr. Blaine's popularity originated in Wall street, and Mr. Blaine's manly method of disproving the charges against him was not sufficient to save him from his enemies and the Wall Street-Conkling-Sherman combination which nominated Hayes. Again, in 1880 Mr. Conkling, with the money power of Wall Street back of him, and the famous "306" in the Chicago Convention, was able to defeat Mr. Blaine, the money power having a new reason for wanting to knife Blaine in the fact that he had introduced a free coinage bill in the Senate in 1878 and had dared to make a speech in defense of it. In the campaign of 1884 the "gold bugs," masquerading under the form of an "independent" movement for civil service reform, were able to defeat Blaine in New York, when his popularity had become so great that they could no longer defeat him in Republican National Conventions.

A question that is still more serious is raised, however, in regard to the economic policy of our great universities and educational institutions. If the charges made by Mr. Shibley against J. Lawrence Laughlin of the University of Chicago and others connected with eastern universities are true, it is pertinent to inquire whether donors and wealthy trustees are not exerting a pernicious influence in the field of education. Integrity is as essential to a university as to our courts, and if education on the money question in our universities can be perverted in the interest of "plutocracy" the people may well take alarm.

DANDRIDGE J. SIMMONS.

The Religion.²

In the introductory chapter of the third volume of "The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians," M. Leroy-Beaulieu apologizes for devoting the whole of a large volume to a subject sometimes considered out of date. The volume is its own justification. Its interest which is great is twofold; first, in its relation to the larger work of which it is a part, as contributing to the history of Russian life and institutions; and, equally as a study in religion and theology.

In her religion Russia is a particularly interesting nation; to know it is to know the very spirit, soul, conscience of her peasant. By nature and by the physical conditions of his life he has been made religious. The carefully analyzed causes of this religious aptitude are given by the author with his usual critical insight.

To most of us Christianity means Catholicism—especially that of the Roman Church—and Protestantism with its numerous sects; in his exhaustive work M. Leroy-Beaulieu enlarges our horizon by presenting a history of Greek orthodoxy since it was officially introduced into Russia by Vladimir. The victory of Christianity over the old paganism was easy and rapid in proportion as it was shallow, it spread as a sort of veneer over the old superstition and ritual; there seemed to be a secret affinity between the Christian faith and the Russian soul, though the intellect

¹ "The Money Question." By George H. Shibley. Stable Money Publishing Co., 100 Washington street, Chicago. Cloth, \$1.50; paper, 50 cents.

² The Empire of the Tsars and the Russians—Part III.—The Religion. G. P. Putnam's Sons, cloth. \$3.00.

remained pagan and superstitious, yet the soul was Christian. Charity, humility, a spirit of asceticism and renunciation, the love of poverty, the craving for self-sacrifice, M. Leroy-Beaulieu tells us, all are characteristic of the Russian lower classes.

It is interesting to note the points of similarity between Russia as she was when Christianity was introduced and the Hebrew nation as it was when Jesus first brought them his message. Each nation had a genius for religion, both were devoted to formalism in daily life as well as in worship, to both religion and nationality were convertible terms, both were destined to a hard and rigorous life, chosen to suffer.

Thus, to a nation with an aptitude for religion was brought a gospel peculiarly fitted to the national character. The result is interesting. The present volume traces the steps and causes which led to the evolution of a religion and a theology peculiarly Russian. If fruitfulness is a sign of strength no one can dispute Russia's claim to strength from a religious point of view. She presents an astonishing array of sects unknown outside of her own borders. This evolution has a political as well as a scientific and a literary significance where the state religion is a part of the patriotism.

For the exacting task that he set himself, M. Leroy-Beaulieu is well fitted. His opportunities for careful examination, improved by trained powers of observation and skilled deduction, have resulted in a work at once scientific and philosophic. It is scientific in the patient collecting and analysis of material, its systematic classification and accurate tracing of causes; in the wisdom and fairness of its generalizations it is philosophic. Given, besides a pretty edition, an excellent translation and the result is an attractive, interesting, valuable contribution to literature.

D. D.

Supplemental Bibles.

Judge Baldwin of Logansport is one of the freed souls. From a recent article under the above heading we take a valuable clipping:

"There are Bibles and Bibles. Each great religion has one, of which the Koran and the sacred book of the Hindus are illustrations. Confining ourselves to Christianity, the Old Testament was for a thousand years the Bible of the Hebrews, which in its time was, if not superceded at least, supplemented by the enormous additions made to the spirituality of the world and by the genius of our Savior and His disciples. The New Testament, in its time, has created a supplemental Bible—the hymn book—which is used a great deal more to-day than either the gospels or epistles, and in which are found some of the best results of the divine spirit as it from time to time teaches and inspires great and sweet souls. To deny the inspiration of the hymn book, of course carefully drawing the line between inspiration and revelation, is to say that God is a dead God, and that He has not the power of touching the human heart in the nineteenth as He touched it in the first century, or in those wonderful twelfth and thirteenth centuries, which produced the great cathedrals and the divine works of Angelo and Raphael. I maintain that the same Holy Ghost which wrote the gospel of St. John:

Still floats upon the morning wind;
Still echoes to the willing mind.

"I have called the hymn book 'our supplemental Bible.' The human soul is so grandly made that it is constantly adding to the Bible proper the results of Christian consciousness and Christian experience. We have to-day a vastly better conception of God and Christ than when I was a boy. Forty and five years ago the God preached and sung was disfigured by hate and revenge. Hell and the terrors of the judgment day, and how to avoid them was the staple of the hymnody and religion of that day. The gospel then taught was a subtle gospel of selfishness, viz., how to save my little soul; how to deny self here that it might be

rewarded with an excess of happiness hereafter—'skim milk here and butter by and by.' All this is gone never to return. The old Calvinistic gospel of hate, mistakenly called by the grand term justice, and the old commercial view of the atonement have gone never to return. So too with the terrible dogma of an everlasting hell or everlasting punishment in any form whatever. The silent elimination from the gospel of these evident interpolations in which our Savior is made to endorse this dogma, is one of the great triumphs of the Christian conscience of the nineteenth century."

"Frie Ord."

The first volume of this magazine, edited by H. Tambs Lyche, of Christiana, is before us, neatly bound. It is all Norwegian to us, but in the table of contents we can read the names of Robert Collyer, Mathew Arnold, W. M. Salter, Emerson, George Batchelor, Brooke Herford, Minot Savage, William C. Gannett and Jenkin Lloyd Jones, and other familiar names. With the help of some marginal notes we can see that Mr. Gannett's "Cups of Cold Water," Emerson's "Divinity School Address," and Mr. Jones' "Seamless Robe," "Faithfulness," "Am I a Christian?" and his lecture on "Socrates" have been translated and printed in full. Of Mr. Lyche's work we have often spoken in these pages. The nature of the message he is transmuting is further illustrated in this paragraph. Inasmuch as we have not the pleasure of reading Norwegian we cannot tell how we sound to the ears of the Norseman, but we are quite sure that this note will reach some eyes that will long for and perhaps seek this attractive volume with its clear page, which bears the imprint "Sabro's Frolag, Christiana, Norway."

Notes and Comments.

"Alterations of Personality," by Alfred Binet, now for the first time accessible in English, is announced for early publication by Messrs. D. Appleton & Co. The same house also announce that Vol. I. of Mr. Edward Eggleston's "A History of Life in the United States," will shortly make its appearance.

Dr. John Todlunter's "Three Irish Bardic Tales: Being Metrical Versions of the Three Tales Known as the Three Sorrows of Story-Telling," was issued by Messrs. Way & Williams October 3.

Messrs. A. Dufrat & Co. announce "The Book-Lover's Almanac," 1897, for publication in November. New illustrations and borders have been prepared for this issue by Mr. W. H. Lippincott, and articles are contributed by Henry Houssaye, Frank Linstow White, Octave Uzanne, Clarence Cook, A. P. Avery and others.

Messrs. Way & Williams have now in press a book of Kansas stories by William Allen White, whose exceedingly pungent skit "What's Wrong with Kansas?" made such a hit that it has been reprinted from the *Emporia Gazette*, where it originally appeared, as a campaign document. The initial story, "The Real Issue"—which gives the title to the book—is not a campaign document, however, but its publication, as well as the publication of other stories in the same collection, is timely, and should introduce the author to a large circle of readers. One story in the collection, "The King of Boyville," is considered by those who have read it in manuscript not unworthy of Mark Twain or Kenneth Graham. It has much of the humor that glimmers in Mr. White's other stories.

The Hon. John Bigelow, the biographer of Tilden and Franklin, will soon publish, through the Harpers, a book to be entitled "The Mystery of Sleep." Mr. Bigelow believes that the use of sleep is not merely to recuperate man's physical energies, but also "to permit the divinity of life to flow into him and fortify him against the power of lower things."

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The Liberal Field.

*"The World is my Country; To do
good is my Religion."*

Homeward.

To-night, when sunset reds burned in the
sky

And low winds murmured in the pine,
I saw the birds in companies sweep by
As if obedient to secret sign.

The maple held one noisy company,
Another settled in the tall elm trees.

Then in the hush that followed all their
talk,

Through the clear twilight came a tender
call;

A brown bird dropped beside the garden
walk

And in the grass found home and mate—
his all.

And then my heart, O gentle Love of mine,
Flew like a homing dove, to thee, my rest,

And circling round thy loveliness divine,
Made in thy peaceful thoughts its happy
nest.

—The Advance.

ST. JOHN, NEW BRUNSWICK.—This section of her Majesty's dominion must have been stirred with progressive and prophetic thought when recently Ednah D. Cheney spoke in the morning in the Unitarian Church at this place to a crowded house on "The Joy of Liberal Religion," and in the evening of the same day Mrs. Julia Ward Howe drew so large a crowd that the meeting had to adjourn to the Institute Hall, where nearly a thousand people listened to her words.

INDIA.—The eighteenth annual report of the Sadharan Brahmo-Samaj for 1895 is before us, a compact pamphlet of forty-four pages. It contains a list of two hundred and twenty-one societies belonging to this fellowship, a long list of educational institutions under the management of this progressive body, including schools night and day for boys and girls, Sunday-schools, Bands of Hope, moral training societies, young men's unions, theological schools, etc. Twenty new societies have been formed during the year, and a significant list of marriages during the year, which indicates the heroism of the movement. The ancestral barriers have been overstepped, the artificial sanctities of caste desecrated in the interest of the

natural sanctities of humanity. Babu Chakravati, of the Parliament of Religions fame, presided at this meeting which was held in Calcutta.

MILWAUKEE, WIS.—Jenkin Lloyd Jones delivered two lectures before the Ethical Society of this place last week, one in the main hall before the ethical study class on "Herbert Spencer as a Teacher of Ethics," and one in the parlors of the building before the Woman's College Endowment Society on "Wooing and Wedding." He accompanied Mr. Bostwick and Mr. Mack in one of their noonday visits to the manufacturing establishments of this city. Permission had previously been obtained from the management, and notice had been posted in the workshops. After the dinner had been eaten out of the lunch boxes, fifty or sixty workmen in one of the marble shops of the city, cheerfully gathered around the speakers and gave interested attention to them while they spoke of the character and purpose of the Ethical movement in Milwaukee. Circulars further setting forth the class work, and other attractions were distributed and cordially received and a permanent bulletin upon which weekly programs of the work will be posted, fixed in the shop. Altogether it was one interesting way of doing it. The final outcome no one can yet estimate, indeed, the best outcome can never be represented by any external "facts and figures."

DETROIT, MICH.—The Rev. Morgan Wood, who has been holding down town services for some time in a Detroit Opera House, has come out from all denominational lines, his society severing their re-

lations to the Congregationalist body. This is the last addition to Independency, and is one more straw that indicates the direction of the current. Mr. Wood writes that he expects to be at Indianapolis, where he will find a cordial welcome and an atmosphere which we trust will be at once free and devout—open all round, but pushing toward the front.

THE FIRST CHURCH, PEPPERELL, MASS.—This ancient church organized in 1769, still shows signs of vigorous life. The choir has been recently reinforced by the services of a director and a professional organist. The church is not closed for so much as a single Sunday during the year. The Woman's Alliance Branch connected with it meets every other week for study, except in mid-summer, and is widely known for its activity, the amount of work done and the ability of its members. One division of the Alliance is known as the Ladies' Social Circle, which gives semi-monthly socials, made deservedly popular by New England cookery.

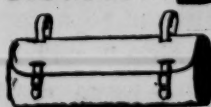
Pepperell is the summer home of acting Gov. Wolcott, and the old First Church receives frequent proof of his interest in its welfare during his long absences in the city as well as in his brief visits to the country, when he and his family become members of the congregation.

Dr. Chas. Babbidge, who was pastor of this parish for fifty-three years, though no longer on duty, still sheds the light of his genial presence at ninety upon Sunday services, and week day festivities, and is beloved by young and old.

The kindest feeling exists between the different denominations in Pepperell, as evidenced by the various union services, which they have held during the past year; some of these were on behalf of temperance. At the Union Thanksgiving service the Unitarian minister preached in the Orthodox Congregational Church. Special services for the Odd Fellows, and for the Grand Army were well attended, and cordially received. Best of all is the live interest of the people, growing from week to week.

LUVERNE, MINN., is one of the prettiest towns in the state, and has a church in keeping with the town. Their homelike building has so many rooms above and below, that a few of them have been furnished and occupied by the present minister, Rev. J. O. M. Hewitt, and his wife, and they make a charming little parsonage. We understand that the society is prospering greatly under its present minister, and its Sunday school is especially promising, and we were highly favored on our recent visit by being allowed to see the Sunday school, even though it was the middle of the week. For the Harvest Festival, which had been planned for the following Sunday was put into the Thursday evening of our visit, and the beautifully decorated church was filled full of children and

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their parents, and the music and marching and other exercises showed that the school was thoroughly alive. A church is safe that has such a school as this.

A. W. G.

MRS. BOOKER T. WASHINGTON, the wife of the principal of the Institution for Colored Youth at Tuskegee, Ala., is no less earnest in her work among the women of her race than is her husband among the negro farmers, whom he has taught and helped for years past. Inspired by the resolutions made at the first conference of these men in 1892, she determined to devote herself to raising their wives, and giving them a new, broader idea of life. She began her labors in a shabby upper room, where she and six other women discussed ways and means. To day there is a weekly conference of over four hundred women, some of them walking sixteen miles to be present. There are talks on useful subjects, there are classes and a library for the children, and the whole neighborhood has been elevated and improved.

THE JANESVILLE CIRCUIT.—Services at the Universalist Church last Sunday night attracted one of the largest congregations seen in that church for some years. Mr. Southworth is one of the most interesting speakers in this part of the state. He is a man of great force and energy, and has without doubt a brilliant future before him, for he is yet a young man. He preaches now at Janesville, where he has one of the largest congregations in the city, at Milton, at Evansville, and latterly here at Whitewater. An effort will be made to secure his services regularly at the Universalist Church in this city. He will preach next in Whitewater one week from next Sunday night.—*Whitewater (Wis.) Gazette.*

Underground Ireland is almost unknown. M. Martel, the French cave explorer, proposes to hunt for Irish caves and to examine those he finds thoroughly. He has devised a system of portable ladders, telephones, and electric lights for cave exploration.—*Scientific American.*

Within a stone throw of Whitechapel, surrounded by some of the very worst slums, stands the largest school in the world. It is presided over by a peer of the realm, Lord Rothschild, who is regarded with love and admiration by every pupil, for he is, indeed, their good fairy. This school educates 3,500 children, belonging mostly to the poorest foreign Jews, and has a staff of 100 teachers. It is well known that this is Lord Rothschild's pet institution, and that were it not for his munificent support the school would be unable to meet its vast expenditure. It is owing to his generosity that free breakfasts are given every morning to all children who wish to take them, no questions being asked. Again, he presents every boy with a suit of clothes and a pair of boots and every girl with a dress and a pair of boots in the month of April, near the Jewish Passover.

An idea of the poverty of the children may be gleaned from the fact that not more than 2 per cent. of them decline to avail themselves of this charity. A second pair of boots is offered in the month of October to every child whose boots are not likely to last during the approaching winter. It is scarcely necessary to state that few do not get them.

A very popular feature in the school is the savings bank department, instituted by the kindly president. In order to encourage habits of thrift he allows an interest of 10 per cent. per annum on all savings, the said savings not to exceed £5 in a year. The teachers are also permitted to avail themselves of the benefits of this bank, the maximum savings allowed them being £15 per annum.

It remains to be mentioned that in pursu-

ing this noble work Lord Rothschild is following in the footsteps of other members of his family, who have supported this school in a princely fashion since its foundation, fifty-five years ago.—*Tid Bits.*

Ike Walton's Prayer.

I crave, dear Lord,
No boundless hoard
Of gold and gear,
Nor jewels fine,
Nor lands, nor kine,
Nor treasure heaps of anything—
Let but a little hut be mine,
Where at the hearthstone I may hear
The cricket sing,
And have the shine
Of one glad woman's eyes to make,
For my poor sake,
Our simple home a place divine,
Just the wee cot—the cricket's chirr—
Love, and the smiling face of her.

I pray not for
Great riches, nor
For vast estates, and castle halls—
Give me to hear the bare footfalls
Of children o'er
An oaken floor,
New-rinsed with sunshine, or bespread
With but the tiny coverlet
And pillow for the baby's head;
And pray thou, may
The door stand open, and the day
Send ever in a gentle breeze
With fragrance from the locust trees,
And drowsy moan of doves and blur
Of robin chirps and drone of bees,
With afterhushes of the stir
Of intermingling sounds, and then
The good wife and the smile of her
Filling the silence again—
The cricket's call
And the wee cot,
Dear Lord of all,
Deny me not!

I pray not that
Men tremble at
My power of place
And lordly sway—
I only pray for simple grace
To look my neighbor in the face
Full honestly from day to day;
Yield me his horny palm to hold
And I'll not pray
For gold—
The tanned face, garlanded with mirth,
It hath the kindest smile on earth—
The swart brow, diamonded with sweat,
Hath never need of coronet,
And so I reach,
Dear Lord, to thee,
And do beseech
Thou givest me
The wee cot, and the cricket's chirr,
Love, and the glad sweet face of her!

—James Whitcomb Riley.

A Hint For Chicago.

The new law in regard to the collection of household refuse in New York City went into effect August 1. This compels the householder to have three receptacles; one for garbage, one for ashes and one for paper. About seventy-five per cent. of the

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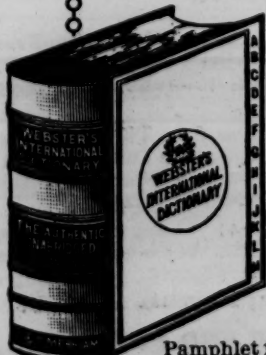
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householders obeyed the law. Several arrests have been made, and the accused are out on bail. These arrests were intended for the education of the people in the lower sections of the city. The cost for the collection of household refuse is one that makes serious inroads on the city's income. It might be reduced by the individual citizen destroying on his own premises all that is capable of destruction within those limitations. Garbage may be dried and become a fuel by a simple device approved by Colonel Waring, the New York Street Commissioner. Garbage should not be burned in stoves or ranges unless previously dried. Magazines and weekly papers should be sent once a month to some one of the organizations that exist in every city for the purpose of distributing reading matter in prisons, hospitals and to the home missionary fields of the several denominations. Shoes and clothes are a reproach to the householders who treats them as waste. The charity organization societies can always use this portion of the family's belongings that have ceased to be useful. There is a public economy that is part of the education of good citizenship.—*The Outlook*.

Her Happiness.

Since that day, of which no word
From her lips is ever heard,
She has known that at her side
Sorrow evermore must bide,
Drink her cup and eat her bread,
Walk her paths and share her bed,
Be the last to say good-night,
Greet her first at morning light,
Go with her through all her ways,
To the ending of her days.

This is hers at last: to know
Life has dealt its heaviest blow.
She has nothing more to dread;
All her bitterest tears are shed.
Pain has now no poisoned dart
That she fears may reach her heart;
Neither day nor night can bring
Any untried suffering.

It is something, just to rest
Of this dreary peace possessed;
Just to slip the long control
Of her pride-encompassed soul,
And to let the days move on
In accepted monotone;
Not to more anticipate
This severest blow of fate;
Not against its doom to pray,
Any more by night or day;
Not to fear its deadly blight,
Any more by day or night.

As the storm-tossed mariner
Finds the desert island fair
After all the storm's wild stress,
So she too is almost glad.
Is there aught in life more sad?
What have been her strife and loss,
Her despair and pain and cross,
Who at last can almost bless
Such a hopeless happiness!

—*Carlotta Perry in June Lippincott's.*

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What must I do is all that concerns me, not what the people think. This rule, equally arduous in actual life, may serve for the whole distinction between greatness and meanness. It is harder, because you will always find those who think that they know what is your duty better than you know it. It is easy in the world to live after the world's opinion; it is easy in soli-

tude to live after our own; but the great man is he who, in the midst of the crowd, keeps with perfect sweetness the independence of solitude.—*Ralph W. Emerson.*

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Father Ventura, a famous orator, was to have preached in a church in Rome. A great crowd assembled to hear him, but at the appointed time there was no priest.

Presently the Pope arrived; probably he too had come to listen to Ventura. Taking in the situation at a glance, Pius Nino was equal to the occasion, for he preached the sermon himself.—*The Catholic Citizen.*

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A Russian who died in Odessa last year left 4,000,000 rubles to his four nieces, but demanded that, previous to receiving the money, they should work for fifteen months either as chambermaids, washerwomen or farm servants; this, in his opinion, being a salutary discipline likely to chasten any foolish pride they might be tempted to foster in their minds. Another man recently took an odd revenge on a nagging wife, whose sharp tongue had given him many a bad quarter of an hour while he lived. On his death she found that to receive any benefit from his will she must walk barefooted to the market-place each time the anniversary of his death repeated itself. Holding a candle in her hand, she was there to read a paper confessing her unseemly behavior to her husband during his life, and stating that had her tongue been shorter her husband's days would in all probability have been longer. By refusing to comply with these terms she had to be satisfied with £20 a year, "to keep her off the parish." The restrictions imposed on widows and other legatees with regard to matrimony are often arbitrary and sometimes smack of cruelty. A husband, in one case reported recently, left his widow an annual income of \$5,000, which was to be reduced to \$4,000 in the event of the lady marrying again. Another reduction of \$1,000 was to be made on the birth of the first child of the second marriage.—*Exchange.*

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Like crystal panes where the heart-fires glow
Beautiful thoughts that burn below.

Beautiful lips are those whose words
Leap from the heart,—like songs of birds—
Yet whose utterance prudence girds.

Beautiful hands are those that do
Work that is earnest and brave and true,
Moment by moment the long day through.

Beautiful feet are those that go
On kindly ministries to and fro,—
Down lowliest ways, if God wills it so.

Beautiful shoulders are those that bear
Ceaseless burdens of homely care
With patient grace and daily prayer.

Beautiful lives are those that bless
Silent rivers of happiness
Whose hidden fountains but few may guess.

Beautiful twilight at set of sun,
Beautiful goal, with a race well won,
Beautiful rest with work well done!

—E. P. Allerton.

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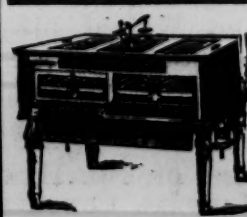
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